THE Squire Outwitted by his Houſekeeper.

A new SONG,

A Batchelor near Oxford, who was a ſquire's ſon,
Kept a handſome houſekeeper, who his favour w
He often took her by the hand, and cry'd with a ſig
O love me deareſt Molly, or elſe for love I die.

She anſwered the ſquire, I am but a ſilly maid,
Your folly I admire, don't banter me ſhe ſaid,
He ſaid I do not banter love, and that you ſoon ſhall
Speak up my deareſt Molly, love can you fancy me.

With oaths and proteſtations he made a ſolemn vow,
With many kind expreſſions, but mark good people no
Poor Molly being entangled with little Cupid's ſnare,
He quickly got to-bed to her, as you ſhall quickly hear.

So this woman ſhe was with child, as he ſo well doth kn
The ſquire quickly chang'd his mind, and to another he di
One who had more wealth in ſtore, and when ſhe knew it
She ſays now to my grief I find there's no belief in man.

The ſquire ſtill courting, in cog and private he went,
And in a ſhort time gain'd the lady's free conſent,
Unknown unto her father, the ſquire and ſhe agreed,
That they to church would go, and married be with ſpeed

But Molly heard of this by one that was her friend,
Said ſhe, ſince it is ſo. the lady may depend,
That I will come in with him, for all his policy,
And for this baſe unfaithful trick I'll fit him to a tee.

Then Molly ſhe a letter wrote, and ſeal'd it with her ha
And ſent it to the lady, to let her underſtand,
The ſquire he is taken ill, therefore my dear I ſay,
Pray let the wedding be put off until another day.

Then early in the morning briſk Molly ſhe aroſe,
Before the dawn of day, and put on the fineſt cloaths,
Likewiſe her ridinghood, which was lined with green,
She put on that her great belly by him ſhould not be ſ

And a maſk upon her face, did to the church retire,
Juſt at the lucky time ſhe met the parſon and the ſquire
He did ſalute her with a kiſs, and theſe kind words did
Bleſs me the ſtars that brought us both to ſee this happy

Then they were fairly married by the dawning of the day,
Which when it was over did homeward take their way,
And as they rode along the road he ſaid my deareſt dear,
If your father knew of this how he would ſtamp and ſwear.

The damſel gave a ſmile, but nothing ſhe did ſay,
And coming to the door he alighted immediately,
From the ſaddled ſteed the ſquire he took his lofty bride,
And arm in arm as they did walk he thus to her reply'd;

Welcome home my deareſt dear, to this my habitation,
And going to ſalute her, he fell into a paſſion,
He ſays, odd Zounds! what? and ſtarted in a fright,
Pray never mind, my deareſt, it is the thing that's right.

When firſt you did deceive me, my maidenhead you got,
And now, if you'll believe me, you're fitted to a jot,
You love the tops of veſſels, but cannot abide the dregs,
But now are like to ſee it out, as ſure as eggs are eggs.